

# Flat Line by Vinnie Paz

Ayo Paz, yo Blac

I rep Official Pistol Gang all motherfucking day

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Clap at you fast, no safety on the ratchet

Gats play chess like crazy with the gabbit

Bus ride motherfucker staying on the transit

Drugs like babies, real gracefully I handle it

I don't think lames could understand it

Boxcutter Pazy from the faces that I damage

I put your fuckin' brains in the Atlantic

To fuse y'all fuckers with your cainery and panic

You talk about hammers, and I'll talk 'bout mine

When I'm fucking with the scramblers, I'm on cloud nine

Yeah, you disrespectful then it stomp out time

Batty Boy covered in a fuckin' chalk out line

I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout grime

I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout shine

And the big black heavy metal four-five mine

I'm a G, cocksucker, never cross that line

[Hook]

Rap game gone, flat line

It's all over, today is the day we gonna 'em

Flat, frame, fall, flat line

We got an army, we loaded ready to hit 'em

[Verse 2: Zilla]

Check it

Yo call me Zilla, I'm a monster with clap and kicks

The reason alone, you n\*\*\*\*as pushing albums back

You got a squad, but I doubt you crack

Every release that you ever drop could be bundled in the value pack

Political rap, my man's caught a bullet in Nam

Sitting twisted in the buggie with a seed in his arm

What's the motive when the reason is harm

We in the ghetto everyday fighting demons with a badge and baton

I got six million ways to pop, hustle to get it

When the odds stack higher than knots, struggle to live it  
You ain't never felt the burn from lead  
So I'm never catching the L, I just focus how to earn my bread  
You down with OPG, I'm down with Paz and Blac  
You down with dope emcees, my title proves that fact  
Ain't a city that could pull my slack  
The red beam is an invitation to hell, once I pull that back

[Hook and Sample]

"In America, ah people are uh, treated very much and uh, the police are there to contain us, to brutalize and murder us."

[Verse 3: Blacastan]

And now's over with the livest rhyme killers  
Knowledge unfolding, is the rise from the sacred five pillars  
Conquest the conquer, pillage your village  
Respect god, play hard, even in a live scrimmage  
Face squads that call, we tarnish their image  
Viking style, celebrate with barrels of Guinness  
And shoot outs, we replenish when the clicks is finished  
Getting head on the couch, watching Venus play tennis  
I hold a mic like Jeter hold pennants  
It's tragic like Troy Davis in his ??  
From the ending to beginning, figure eight stay spinning  
I'm infinite, you can't bust off, n\*\*\*a you impenitent  
Sound waves travel underwater like sonar  
I'm stealth, I can't be detected by radar  
Probably in a fly car, with the seats reclined  
It's Vinnie, Zilla and Blac n\*\*\*a, flat line